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Courier-Journal Company, LOUISVILLE, KY.

W. H. HOFFMAN,



Rosy, panting, cold and beaming was Tom as he came in kissed his wife, chucked the baby under the chin, and MADISONVILLE, KY.

said, kindly.

SONG OF THE PRODIGAL. bonnet, but Tom gave one stride her and caught her in his strong

Fresh garlands I were in the springtime Of the bright and beautiful flowers; I sung with the birds all the season, Blessing the hours. I gathered the fair blooms of summer, My heart was as light as were they: I thought for no moment my pleasure Might pass away.

could gasp out:
"Tom, I've lost all my money." I caroled the songs of my childhood, Nor broaded a bit about age; I questioned no shadow—how could I? None darkened the page.

A favorite subject at court; I drained the brim cup of sweet pleasure-Sweet of report. At last I awoke; it was winter,
My steps were thateady and slow:
The kingdom of languard deserted,
Echoed with woo.

I lived in the kingdom of laughter,

A waste I did travel, upfollowed.
By pittless ghosts of the past;
I subly in the storm, and the darkness
Soon overcast.

I said in my bittermest serrow:
"I plucked all the fair blooms away,
I left nobe to presper and ripen,
Day after day.

And now the long winter is smiting.
My heart is un-hungered and cold;
The ashes of roses are drifting

Why She Didn't Leave It to Her Nophew.

AN OLD MAID'S MONEY.

Aunt Jane was angry. There was a peculiar emphasis in the motion of the crochet needle she was punching into the holes of a plece of worsted work, and a jerk in the rocking of her chair that spoke volumes to those acquainted with Aunt Jane's peculiarities of tem-per. It was early in the forencon and generally the estimable maiden lady was bustling about her handsome house at this hour, and making the servants' lives a burden for the day. But on this particular morning they washed dishes and swept rooms in peace. The spasms of anger grew more violent and frequent, till finally the worsted work was made into a ball, tossed to a corner of the room, and Aunt Jane burst into a fit of weep-

She was still sobbing when the door was opened and a pale little blonde came into the room. Looking at Miss Jane Montgomery for a moment, with a lip curled contemptuously, she suddenly drew over her face, like a mask, an expression of tender sympathy, and rushing across the room knelt beside the weeping lady.

"Dear Miss Jane," she said, anxiously, what can be the matter?" Aunt Jane -everybody called Miss Montgomery Aunt Jane-sat erect with a start, her eyes snapping and her voice sharp.

"Tom is gone!" "Gone?" quarrel, and he would have his own way; so I told him to go, and never see

my face again." Would have his own way!" echoed "Yes, he will marry Mary Hill, and he won't marry you! I've done with him. He has \$5,000 his mother left him, let him try living on that, and see how he likes it after living here." and Miss Jane's sobs broke out again. think of that boy's flying in my face in

that way, after being like my own son for twenty years." "He is a wicked, ungrateful man," said Miss Julia, energetically.
"He is nothing of the kind," snapped

Aunt Jane. Julia was somewhat startled, but

"To marry against your wish is ungratefui."
"Why shouldn't he marcy the girl he loves?" cried the inconsistent spinster. "I'm an old fool. I've sent him away. and I'll never see him again."

It seems as if Aunt June was right in her conclusions. The stately house echoed no more the ringing voice and light step of Tom, the nephew and darling of his maiden aunt. If Aunt Jane had been alone Tom

would doubtless have been hunted up and recalled; but Julia kept the anger alive. She was flatterer in chief in Aunt Jave's court, and she made her cooing voice and soft step almost a necessity in Tom's absence. Miss Jane was very rich, and had no relative but Tom. If she could be persuaded to make a will, who knew might have legacies. Miss Julia fanned the flame of wrath, not openly, but in covert, sly, remarks, that kept the sore

Aunt Jane did not guess how Tom wondered over her obdurate silence, and she fretted and worried and grew grayer and more wrinkled. Two years told upon face and figure, and from a dark-haired, vixenish old maid, she altered to a white haired, whining old woman. One of her friends, remarking thoughtlessly upon this change of appearance, said:

You have changed so much I scarcely knew you. A luminous idea struck Aunt Jane. Tom Montgomery in these two years had settled down into a pretty, comfortable house, made home by a gentle wife and a crowing baby. He had in-vested his little fortune in a partner-ship in a dry goods house and was

making money.

To his house one cold December evening came an old woman, dressed "Not at home." the servant said. "I will wait, if he will come in

A sweet-faced lady opened the door of a cheery sitting-room.
"Will you walk in here and wait? Mr. Montgomery will soon be in."
The old lady came in feebly.
"You are tired." Mrs. Montgomery "Sit here by the fire. It

is very cold." "Very cold. Is that your baby?"

The mother turned down a little the snowy sheets of a pretty cradle and showed the dimpled cheeks of the sleeping child. Yes, this is my little girl."

What is her name?"

"Jane is an awfully ugly name."
"It is not very pretty, but she is named for an aunt of Mr. Montgomery's, of whom he is very fond."
"Thinks she'il leave her her money," thought the old lady, but she did not speak, for a door opened in the hall and a firm step erossed to the sitting-

"De Jinks was nothing if not coninned off his overcoat before he saw 'What do you mean?" "Well, he blew in his fortune and then blew out his brains."—Atlanta Constitution. the old lady.
She thought she was altered by trouble and age, by her poor dress and

A YOUNG MOTHER'S DANGERS

"Aunt Jaue! Aunt Jane!" he fairly housed. "Mary, this is Aunt Jane." They had her bonnet and shawl off; they had her in an easy chair by the fire, and had sent for supper before she

"You don't say so!" "Every cent. Will you turn me out as I turned you out two years ago?" "Muchly!" was Tom's mysterious re-"Mary, is there a fire in the spare

"I think the back attle is good enough for a penniless old maid," said Aunt Jane. "Did you put me in the back attle when my parents left me alone in the

world? "Humph!" "If you will light the gas, Tom," sate Mrs. Montgomery, "I will put fresh sheets and towels in the spare

will advise the most heroic measures, Tom rushed upstairs, and Mary, with and it is a wonder that more helpless an apology, went after him. Then Aunt Jane did the meanest of all mean victims are not slain by thoughtless things-she crept softly after them, and, finding they were in the back second-story room with the door open, she crouched down on the stairs and listened. Tom was making the fire and Mary, moving in her quiet, swift way, was putting clean linen on the bed. "Ain't it jolly?" Tom said, enthusi-

astically. "Making a fire?" Mury asked, sawily. "No. I say, darling," sitting down on the floor as the idea struck him, "I

'Don't be a goose, Tom.' "But, seriously, now, will it bother you? I suppose I could get ber a room in some stunning, tip-top boarding hindered by advice, unless given by house, more like her own home than people who know what they are talk. our bird cage, but-" "Well?" Mary said, intensely grave.

"It would be so lonesome. She has a quick temper, I know, but she is so kind, and she does lave me." "Poor thing!" said Mary. "I wonder If she is very poor. "She won't know it while we have a

"Of course not. Tom. And if you dare to talk about a boarding-house the laws of health, and is perfectly again I'll stop your allowance of minee satisfied to be ignorant of any better "Mary, you're an angel!" orled Tom, springing up. "My fire is out again!

home or a cent, will she, Mollie?"

I'm awfully glad we called the baby Jane, Mollie."

"Tom, make that fire!" said Mary, an of to-day strives, and it she turn severely, "or your aunt won't get to a deaf ear to irresponsible advisors, she may attain to it, and to the heights, of as well as this graving tool, and there are exhibited several remarkable extended of distemper. — Philadelphia rocking-chair; it is the easiest one in the bouse; and I'll hang the photograph of

baby over the mantelpiece. It will How the Nuts are Prepared For the Market make it look home-like." "That's a dear girl. Make her feel home. Mollie. She won't care so tory they are rough and ear her putter round the house a little and by iron arms projecting from an end would delight her.

white. "Tom! Tom!" This voice was at the door, and Aunt Jane stood there, with tears running shoots to the third and most interestdown her cheeks "I am a miserable old woman, Tom!"

don't ery. Come is and see how cozy high strips of wood. These strips also Mollie has made your room." "I know it, Tom. I've been sorry a thousand times I would not see her. But you should have come back to me,"

she said, reproachfully. "But I wrote and wrote, and you never answered." Wrote to me?" "Of course."

"I never saw the letters. That viper Julia must have destroyed them." "Where is Julia?" "Gone home. The day that I told her I had lost my money she packed up, and left me. Tom, I don't deserve it,

after doubting you; but will you forgive me for testing your love? Testing my love? "Yes, my dear boy. I meant to talk to your wife and you as somebody else, but you knew me too soon. But, Tom, that was all fudge." ten pickers, one may be quite certain

"What was all fudge?" 'About the money. "Oh," said Tom, dryly. "You haven't lost any?" "Not a cent. Now, Tom, don't set your face that way. Come back to your old home and bring your darling wife and baby. Do, Tom!"

"Aunt Jane," said Tom, solemnly, 'I'll come home on one condition.' "What is that?" "That you here solemnly promise me never to leave me one cent of your

"I won't leave you anything but a lock of my hair." She kept her word. For ten years the family lived happily together. Then they carried Aunt Jane to her last resting place, and, her will being opened, her money was found to be equally divided among Tom's children.

-N. Y. News. Equally Valuable. - Sam -"That girl I introduced to you is as good as gold." Tom-"I don't care about that. If she's as good as a couple of corner lots near the business center I'll be perfectly satisfied."—Detroit Free

Hibernian Heroics.

shtrugglin' in the wather thot cudn't

'Moike," said Pat, "af ye seen a man

shwim, would ye jump in afther him?" "Well, now. Pat." replied Mike, "af it worme, Oi think Oi'd rather jump in afther a man thot could shwim. Oi'm not takin' chances an meself."-Harpers' Bazar. A City Boy's Idea Johnny-I wonder what the poor pig is trying to say, mamma?

Mammu-He isn't trying to say any-

Johnnie-Only squealing? Why, I

thought, mamma, he was only stutter-

thing-he's only squealing.

ing .- Harper's Young People. detting at It Diplomatically, Mrs. Smoothe-Reginald, dear, I saw One Requisite Lacking. a lovely little bit of ribbon down-town Wiggs-Do you regard Mrs. White-Wings as a professional or amateur Futlites-Most decidedly an amuteur; What a question: don't understand that she has ever applied for a divorce.-Puck.

is pressed upon her by irresponsible persons, "Are you willing to take the onsequences of your advice? If my falls ill as a result, will you assume the anxiety, the care, the expense? If he is injured, mentally or morally by following your suggestions, will you consider yourself wholly re-

this can save her from being deluged

continually with suggestions and ad-

vice from every one who ever has had,

or who equally has not had, anything

to do with a baby.

Any one who has any intelligent knowledge of that wonderful bit of

mechanism, a baby, would not dare to

prescribe any but very simple and harmless remedies for indisposition,

but the woman who knows nothing

We have often wished that every

oung mother could say, when advice

It is because of this absolute freenever asked you if you would like to dom from consequences that people are have Aunt Jane here. Hold them to the consequences, and they would be silenced. The only safe road is to press on un-

people who know what they are talk-

ing about. And this latter class will

not be apt to press their opinion upon any one unsolicited, and will give a thoughtful one. There are abundant opportunities for a mother to learn how to care for her child properly and intelligently, and though the mother who has brought up, perhaps, four out of eight children, in utter disregard to all hygiene and method, will say that she never "bothered" with these "new ways," and her children all did "well enough;" yet there is a higher aim than "well

## IN A PEANUT FACTORY.

When the peanuts arrive at the facher feel at home here. If you could let together. The bags are first taken up feel herself of importance, Mollie, it less chain to the fifth story of the factory. Here they are weighed and emp-"She can boss the whole machinery! tied into large bins. From these bins But, Tom, I had no idea she was so they fall to the next story into large cylinders, fourteen feet long, which re-"Nor I," said Tom, ruefully. "I won- volve rapidly, and by friction the nuts der if fretting turned her hair so are cleansed from the earth which clings to them, and polished so that they come out white and glistening.

From this story the nuts fall through ing floor. Imaginary rows of long, narrow tables, each divided length "Why, anntie," said Tom, ebcerily, wise into three sections by thin, inchsurround the edge of the table. of these sections is floored with a strip of heavy white canvas, which moves incessantly from the mouth of a shoot to an opening leading down below at the moving canvas bands, about a fool wide, are called the "picking aprona" Upon the outer aprons of each ta-ble dribbles down from the shoot. a slender stream of peanuts, and on each side of the table, so close together scarcely to have "elbow room," stands rows of Negro girls and women picking out the inferior peanuts as they pass and throwing them into the central section. So fast do their hands move at this work that one can not see what they are doing till they cast a handful of nuts into the middle division. By the time a nut has passed the harp eyes and quick hands of eight or

> that is a first-class article, fit for the final plunge down two stories, into s bag which shall presently be marked with a band willeh will command for it the highest market price. The peanuts from the central aprons fall only to the second story, where they undergo yet another picking on similar tables, the best of these form ing the second grade. The third grade of peauuts, or what remains after the second picking, is then turned into a machine which crushes the shells and eparates them from the kernels. These are sold to the manufacturers of can dy, while the shells are ground up and used for horse bedding. No part of this little fruit, vegetable, or nut, whichever it may turn out to be, is finally

> wasted, but all serves some usefu surpose. - Blue and Gray. What Aunt Marie Thought. "Jonah," remarked Aunt Maria to her nephew, "why in the name of goodness did you ever become a preacher?" this after she had heard him in the puloit for the first time.

"Ugh," she exclaimed. "Maybe you was, but all I've got to say is, you held a mighty poor hand!"-Detroit Free Press A Very Thirsty Boy. Mamma, pleas give me a jink.

Because, Aunt Maria," he replied,

was called,".

Go to sleep. You can't drink any nore. 'Please mamma ---" "Go to sleep. Charley, or I'll get up "Say, mamma, when you get up to whip me won't you give me a jink?"—
N. Y. Advertiser. and whip you.'

-Bella comes from the Latin through the Italian, the Beautiful One.

aday, and I want it so much Don't you think I might buy it? Mr. Smoothe-A ribbon? Of course. Mrs. Smoothe-And there's a beautiful feather in the same place-just a little one. May I buy that, too?

Mr. Smoothe Certainty Mrs. Smoothe - And just one thing

ANCIENT PHOTOGRAPHS

The Sea of Advice That Threatens to Over- A Collection Gathered From the Tomba of Egypt. One of the dangers which beset the A collection of portraits two thou-feet of a young mother is the sea of adice which threatens to overwhelm her. exhibit, not only to art connoisseurs she may be an intelligent, educated but to everybody curious enough to woman, who has studied and read exknow what manner of men and women tensively upon the subject of the needs once inhabited this old earth. The of childhood; she may be aware of some Theodor Graf collection of unique peculiarities in the constitution of her Greek portraits, now hung at the Acadhild, which require different treatemy of Fine Art, gives for the first ent from the majority of children; time an idea of the work of the porhe may have the advantage of capatrait painters of the second and third ole medical supervision, but not all centuries R. C.

> were "mummy faces" It was the ancient Greek custom to represent the countenance of a dead person at the head of a mummy or coffin, somewhat like the Indians of Peru, and in the Greek-Roman epoch for the plastic head with conventional features was substituted a real portrait of the dead. One entire "face mummy" is shown in this exhibit, brought, like the other "faces," from the cave cemetery of Rubyat, in Central Egypt. Ages ago thieves ransacted this celebrated necropolis throwing away these painted panels upon the desert sands. The ninety-six exhibited in Graf's collection are thin panels of wood, many now cracked and scarred, bearing the faces of a few Egpytians, several Syrians or Phoenicians and many fixed

These paintings were not made for

features of that Greek epoch. They mostly belong to the higher classes, as is evident in the abundant jewels of the women, the golden wreaths of the men, the ribbons. Pompeiian like shoulder stripe and Isla buttons, and even the "Lock of Youth," the ancient badge of the sons of the Pharaohs. The colors have mellowed like those of the old masterpieces, and Rembrandt himself would not be ashamed of the strength shown in the best of them. Some of the pictures shown of the oval-faced Egyptians and the dark, almond-eved Jewesses are modern enough in spirit and treatment to be up-stairs with the sixty-third anual exhibit of the academy. The rich

coloring and delicate tints awakened even Meissonier's admiration. The collection reveals also in the most interesting manner all the technical expedients employed by the ancients. They devised the art of painting with variously-colored wax and the process of burning it in. It has thus gained the name of "encaustic amples of distemper. — Philadelphia Times.

## DECEIVED A KING.

An American Magician Who Once Per-formed Before Burmah's Ruler. Kellar, the magician, had a peculiar experience in the east once, which came near ending his career, or at least confining it to the limits of Burperforming in India, where he is always assured of great patronage, the Hindoos being much interested in magic and no mean experts themselves, he had an invitation to appear before the young king of Burmah. Accordingly he made the trip up the Rangoon river to Mandelay, the then capital of the country. There a great palayer took place, the ministers of the cing demanding that Kellar and his assistants should appear before his majesty barefooted and kneeling, as was the native custom. This he objected to on the ground that he could not perform his tricks in that posture,

so an exception was made in his case. "On the day of the exhibition," relates the magician, "we entered a large room where all the court was eneeling. The king and his harem, so we were informed, were concealed behind a screen, where they could see but not be seen. Accordingly we went through such tricks as we could do under these conditions, not being permitted to take things from the spectators' pockets, as is the present custom. "Throughout the performance there was not a sound, so we could not tell whether we had pleased or failed. But at its conclusion a grave minister in-

formed us that the king was so highly

pleased that as a special favor he would permit us to look upon his face. So the screen was withdrawn and there sat the king, a little, dried-up looking fellow, surrounded by his wives, the latter reclining. Then he offered me the position of court entertainer, and positively would not hear of our leaving until we had given another perform-"They entertained us in most lavish style, loading us down with presents, besides paying about \$2,500 in our money for each performance. As another additional favor we were permitted to look upon the sacred white ele phant, a dirty little beast, which was kept in such luxury that no wonder he

but I wanted to get away, and began to fear that I would have to spend the rest of my life in Burmah."-Chicago Journal. A Detroit man, noted for his very serious and earnest manner, went out not long ago with his wife to find apartments. After a time they found a pleasant place and had agreed to

became conceited and vicious. In fact,

they did everything possible to keep us,

take it. "By the way," said the landlady, "I forgot to ask you if you had any chil-"We have a boy," responded the

mother.

"Indeed? I'm very sorry," protested the landlady, "but I cannot permit any children to come into my house." "Oh, that will be all right," said the gentleman, encouragingly, but with great seriousness. "We can fix that with very little trouble, indeed. We will just kill the boy," and they went on to other places which, like heaven, suffer little children to come unto them and forbid them not -- Detroit

There is no rose without a thorn." In a bit of pessimism silly.

In favor high with those who forget
The sweet and thorniess violet
And the unasgressive lity.

— indiamapolis Journal. You Many for Him. Poor man who had married a widow with alne children, "I seem to have butten off more than I can shoe,"-Chi-

The followy of Proverbs.

engorTribune. A Suspicion. The cat drank all the milk." "Did you see her?" for a hat at the same place. You won't object to me buying that, will you lovey?—Chicago Record.

"No: Johnny told me she did it?"

"Don't touch the eat. Go and catch Johnny for me."—Alex Sweet, in .Tex-; "No: Johnny told me she did it?"

NO. 12

Use of Cranberries.

Cranberries are a undant this year and should take the place in the culsine which has been given over to apples in the past, these being few and high priced this season. All feuits have a medicinal value, and the cranberry acts an an auti-scorbutic It is a blood cleanser; bruised and heated, not cooked they have a healing effect or bad humors. One cut in half and bound on a corn will cure it in one or more applications. It will be equally efficacious in the case of pimples on the face. As an article of food the cranberry is too little known. Many families know it only in the form of the 'family galleries' of old Egyptians, proud of their ancestors, but sauce, but it may be served in many other ways. A cooling, refreshing drink may be made by boiling the ber ries in water, double the measure of berries. Boll until the juice has been thoroughly extracted, sweeten with one-half pound of sugar to the pint of juice and bottle hot. This should be

served in the same manner as tasberry or current shrubs. -Toleno Blade-Changed His Position. Tom Denver-Saw Tommy Davidson in the park this morning. Ethel-Was he on horseback? Tom Denver-Well off and on

A Post's Essy Times Mother-Do you mean to tell me that your husband is out half the time until after midnight?

Daughter-More than half "And you never scold?" "Never." "I am amazed."

"What of that, pray?" "When he comes home early he always insists on reading his poems to -N. Y. Weekly. She Knew What She Wanted. Teacher (to class in mental arith-

"You forget that my husband is a poet."

metic)—Now, Alice, suppose I hand you seven apples and five apples, which would you take—the seven or the five? Allee-The five. Teacher-My child! haven't you learned yet that seven is a greater number than five? Alice-Yes'm; but I don't like applas

Brooklyn Life. Thoughtless or Unklad. 'Here," said the very young man, "is a chameleon.' "O, Mr. Callow," she exclaimed, "this

"I hope you will keep it to remind you of me." "I shall take the greatest pleasure in doing so." And after a pause she added: "What a pity it doesn't stay green adl

He Won't Go.

the time."-Washington Star

is very kind of you. I shall take good

"Going to the chicken show, Uncle Mose?" "No." said the old man, thoughtfully scratching his jaw: "I des nat'rally ain't. I uster lak to stan' aroun' de candy shops w'en I was a plekaninay, but I is a heap too old now to go an' torment myse'f des fer de fun of tormentin' myse'f."--Indianapolis Jour-

First Citizen-There is to be a big meeting to-night, a great outpouring of the masses to devise ways and means to reform the city government, so that its affairs may be administered with strict economy. Come along. Second Citizen-Um-I'd rather not

Fact is, I am after an office myself. -N

Y Weekly.

See Him Later. He sets of her hand costatically: "Fair n. aid whom I adore. Queen of my soul, my life, my hope, He mine forever more She gazed into his humil eyes. So soon to fill with sorrow: "I'll usk my husband, sir," she said—



Do you and your husband atten many of the symphony concerts?" No. My husband knows absolutely nothing about ladies' toilets "-Flie-

gende Blactter. Another Version The boy stood on the tey walk, Whence all but him had slid: Zip went his heels up went his fees and wow-wow went the hid -Binghamton Republican A Mudest Beauty.

She-You are trying to flatter me. He-But, indeed, it is true. She-Oh, I know it is true, but I doubted whether you really meant it. -Indianapolis Journal. In the Soup. "Thank Heaven! that new insect

He-You are the most beautiful

powder worked. The cockroaches have come to grief at last," said the "Yes," assented old Peterby; "they're in the soup."-Alex E. Sweet, in Texas Siftings.

"You look sweet enough to cat,"
said Toozer's "regular company" as he
took a seat opposite her.
"Well, I do eat three times a day,"
she said. "May be that's the reason." Arkansaw Traveler. an Evasive Auswer. Lady-Col. Blowton, how many battles were you in?

Col. Blowton-Madam, the true soldier never boasts of his deeds.-Cleveland Plain Dealer. A New Expression. "Mrs. Flipflap is looking remarkably well." "She ought to. Isn't she in the

honeymoon of her widowhood?"— Canclustre. Will Askit-How old should you say Miss Skinner is!

Maude Saysit—Old enough for to begin telling her how looking.—Puck.

## Transacts a General Banking Business